of the covert as well as open hostility of fiding people the most scrupulous care and spoilsmen and notwithstanding the queru- to pledge my willing support to every legislous impraticability of many self-consti- lative effort for the advancement of the tuted guardians. Beneath all the vagaries and sublimated theories which are attracted to it there underlies this reform a sturdy common-sense principle not only suited to this humane sphere, but whose application our people are more and more recognizing to be absolutely essential to the most successful operation of their Government, if Rev. Dr. Paxton Explains Why He Re-

not to its perpetuity. It seems to me to be entirely inconsistent with the character of this reform, as well as with its best enforcement, to oblige the Commission to rely for clerical assistance upon clerks detailed from other Departments. There ought not to be such a condition in any Department that clerks hired to do work there can be spared to habitually work at another place; and it does not accord with a sensible view of civil-service reform that persons should be employed on the theory that their labor is necessary in one Department when in point of fact their services are devoted to entirely different work in another Depart-

I earnestly urge that the clerks necessary to carry on the work of the commission be regularly put upon its roster, and that the system of obliging the commissioners to system of obliging the commissioners to draw your resignation."

No. I did not do that. I told them they to other departments be discontinued. This ought not to increase the expense to the government, while it would certainly be more consistent and add greatly to the efflclency of the commission.

Extravagance in Appropriations. Economy in public expenditure is a duty that cannot innocently be neglected by must be confessed that our apparently endadavantage, the indirect and almost stealthy manner in which a large part of our taxes are exacted, and a degenerated sense of official accountability have led to growing extravagance in governmental appropriations.

At this time, when a depleted public treasury confronts us, when many of our people stand how weary a minister sometimes are engaged in a hard struggle for the gets. I wanted leisure to look after my necessaries of life, and when enforced economy is pressing upon the great mass of our countrymen, I desire to urge with all condition of the treasury and a sympathy with the straitened circumstances of our The duty of public economy is also of im-

mense importance in its intimate and necessary relation to the task now in hand of providing revenue to meet government expenditures, and yet reducing the people's burden of federal taxation.

Tariff Reform. After a hard struggle tariff reform is di-rectly before us. Nothing so important claims our attention and nothing so clearly presents itself as both an opportunity and a duty-an opportunity to deserve the gratitude of our fellow-citizens and a duty imposed upon us by our oft-repeated professions and by the emphatic mandate of the people. After full discussion our countrymen have spoken in favor of this reform, and they have confided the work of its accomplishment to the hands of those who are solemnly pledged to it.

If there is anything in the theory of a representation in public places of the people and their desires, if public officers are really the servants of the people, and if political

principle that only the necessity of revenue justifies the imposition of tariff duties and other Federal taxation, and that they should be limited by strict economy, we can not close our eyes to the fact that conditions have grown up among us which in justice and fairness call for discriminating care in the distribution of such duties and taxation as the emergencies of our Government ac-

Manifestly, if we are to aid the people directly through tariff reform, one of its most obvious features should be a reduction in present tariff charges upon the necessarie of life. The benefits of such a reduction would be palpable and substantial, seen and felt by thousands who would be better fed and better clothed and better sheltered. These gifts should be the willing benefactions of a Government whose highest function is the promotion of the welfare of the

Not less closely related to our people's prosperity and well-being is the removal of restrictions upon the importation of the raw materials necessary to our manufactures. The world should be open to our national ingenuity and enterprise. This can not be while Federal legislation, through the imposition of high tariff, forbids to American manufacturers as cheap materials militia men: it does not make soldiers. The as those used by their competitors. It is quite obvious that the enhancement of the price of our manufactured products resulting from this policy not only confines the market for these products within our own borders, to the direct disadvantage of our manufacturers, but also increases their cost

to our citizens. The interests of labor are certainly, ferent degrees from the general to the though indirectly, involved in this feature grenadier guard, the most accomplished of our tariff system. The sharp competition and active struggle among our manufacturers to supply the limited demand for their goods soon fill the narrow market to which they are confined. Then follows a suspension of work in mills and factories, a discharge of employes, and distress in the bomes of our workingmen.

Even if the often disproved assertion could be made good that a lower rate of wages would result from free raw materials and low tariff duties, the intelligence of our workingmen leads them quickly to discover that their steady employment, permitted by free raw materials, is the most important factor in their relation to tariff legislation.

A measure has been prepared by the appropriate Congressional committee embodying tariff reform on the lines herein suggested, which will be promptly submitted for legislative action. It is the result I believe it deals with its subject consistently and as thoroughly as existing conditions permit.

The Proposed Legislation.

I am satisfied that the reduced tariff duties provided for in the proposed legislation, added to existing internal-revenue taxation, will, in the near future, inough perhaps not immediately, produce sufficient military ladder, is servitude, hierarchy and revenue to meet the needs of the Govern-

The committee, after full consideration, and to provide against a temporary deficiency which may exist before the business of the country adjusts itself to the new tariff schedules, have wisely embraced in their plan a few additional internalrevenue taxes, including a small tax upon incomes derived from certain corporate in-

These new assessments are not only absolutely just and easily borne, but they have the further merit of being such as can be remitted without unfavorable business disturbance whenever the necessity of their imposition no longer exists.

In my great desire for the success of this neasure I can not restrain the suggestion that its success can only be attained by means of unselfish counsel on the part of the friends of tariff reform and as a result of their willingness to subordinate personal desires and ambitions to the general good. The local interests affected by the proposed reform are so numerous and so

greatness and prosperity of our beloved country.

GROVER CLEVELAND. Executive Mansion, Washington, December 4, 1893. THE PACE TOO HARD.

signed His Pastorate. The rumor that Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton had disappeared from his farm, near Bridgeville, Pa., turns out to be unfounded. Dr. Paxton was found there by a reporter of the New York Sun on Saturday. In the course of a long interview Dr. Paxton spoke of the reasons for his resignation of the pastorate of the West Presby-

that his action was final. He added: "When the committee of four came on here a week ago they reproached me with battle and there the soldiers. But where was their captain? He had deserted. You

Jaffray and Dr. John Hall to place my resignation before the New York presby-tery, which meets there on December 11, would ask her, with a twinkle in his coaland pay no more attention to the West Church muddle. I am no longer a public black eye, whether she wouldn't rather have

citizer "Trustee Perkins and I had a talk," conthose intrusted with the control of money drawn from the people for public uses. It some things. He told me I wasn't preaching as good sermons as I used to. I think ing as good sermons as I used to. I think he was right there. One can't lead the life less resources, the familiarity of our people with immense accumulations of wealth, the growing sentiment among them that the growing sentiment among them that the expenditure of public money should in some manner be to their immediate and personal manner be to the manner be army men die before sixty, and my time is coming. I wanted to stop. Then, that Briggs matter. Oh, that Briggs matter! It split the session. Its questions and its doctrinal differences! I wanted to stop and ask myself where I stood. Where were and ask myself where I stood. Where was my soul? I had been looking after other

own soul.
"I couldn't go on feeling like that and keep constructing new sermons. I told my session I should go into hysterics in the the earnestness at my command that congressional legislation be so limited by strict nervous. That operation I underwent was more terrible than the public can know. One can't tell these things to the public. For five months afterward I had to care for myself in ways because of it that sapped my nervous energy. I was under the surgeon's knife for hours, to begin with. Yes, Perkins was right. I could not preach as I used to. Who could under those conditions?

Mr. Sage Not Qualified. "But there was Mr. Sage, who, I notice, says my sermons were not as good as they used to be. Now, what does he know

"It is not that I am afraid to die or that it is any question of stimulants. Would that it was only a matter of stimulants. Why, I haven't taken stimulants of any kind-not even bromides-for six months. My doctor forbids it. You can say this, I want you to do so. There has been too much said and written about this thing. I'll tell you what it is that is worrying me.

I am afraid of the softening of the brain—
of paresis. One's system must break
somewhere after the strain I have given
mine. I am afraid it will be paresis with me. I have had friends go that way. You have known of active, hardworking men whose lives have overtaxed their nervous promises and professions have any binding and brain forces until they had to give force, our failure to give the relief so long way. My temperament is blue and morbid awaited will be sheer recreancy. Nothing should intervene to distract our attention or disturb our effort until this reform is accomplished by wise and careful legislation.

Way, My temperament is due and morbid at times, hypochondriac. It comes from one side of my blood. That is why I am here and trying to get quiet and rest. I walk ten miles or so a day. I have a farm out here of 100 acres. They are finding am free and independent. I have an income of \$0,000 or \$10,000 a year. I can do as I choose. This is my income from means outside of the West Church. I am independent of that. Why shouldn't I stay here? If in the future I choose to go on the lecture platform or to do anything else, why, well and good."

NEW LIGHT ON EUROPE'S ARMIES. Are Numbers Worthless After Allf-A

Cry of Alarm in French Military Circles. There is no power on earth better equipped for war than France is at the present moment. But, unfortunately, all our military organization is based upon a dangerous sophism, the preponderance of numstarted out upon the idea that France was

of the Germans, whereas the real cause of our defeat must be looked for in the incapacity of our generals. The events were fatalities manifestly independent of the real value of the army itself, and one cannot reasonably conclude that it was the su-periority of numbers that defeated us. Nevertheless, we have allowed ourselves to be carried away by the magic of num-bers, and, in order to get the numbers, we have reduced the service to an average of thirty months. Now, short service makes worship which we profess for heroes has for its only reason of existence the fact that the heroes are exceptional creatures. There is no longer any army when everybody is a soldier; there is no military spirit

when the service is a common duty; there

are no more heroes when every one is mobi-

lized expressly to become one. Take in the military hierarchy of the empire the men who represent us in the diftypes of the soldier, Lannes, Lasalle, Marbot, Parquin and Coignet. They were of unequal value, but their souls were the same. They were pretorians. They had only one trade, one passion, one worship, one end—war. Their moral horizon was obscured by the smoke of battles. They had no idea of human solidarity or of social progress, and one would find absolutely nothing in their skulls which would be worthy of the consideration of a the philosopher or an economist. They were enchanters, superb and attractive in the same way and for the same reason that a lion is attractive because he is stronger and

grander than an ox or a sheep. In order to forge soldiers of that type, it would be necessary to return to customs as much at variance with our habits of life as and exposing the marrow, was necessary for all that, it is none the less true that the trade of a soldier is a trade, just like difficult and delicate of the operations, and the trade of a soldier is a trade, just like difficult and delicate of the operations, and it was accomplished with complete success. Then the incisions were sewn together; apprenticeship and application; that the Then the incisions were sewn together; strength of armies is proportionate with the of much patriotic and unseifish work, and training of the soldier; that numbers are training of the soldier; that numbers are nothing if they are not made valuable by enthusiasm; that the reduction of the term sciousness and was resting in almost entire freedom from pain. It is understood tire freedom from pain. It is understood of the country; that economy realized by beans of furloughs and anticipated exemptions amounts to a diminution of our chances of victory, and that the idea of democratizing the army is a pure absurdity. for the simple reason that everything in the army, from the top to the bottom of the

> inequality.
>
> This is not merely an individual opinion; It is the opinion of the majority of our military men. The military law under which we live gives us nearly four millions of men, and we are accustomed to believe, on the faith of sycophants, that such a tower. The Persians mounted small canan army renders us forever invincible. Every professional soldier, devoted solely to his profession, believes that it would be better for our defense if we had an army of twelve hundred thousand men, having all after the battle of Sobraon 2,000 of this served five years, without a day's furlough, artillery camels were captured. In the Inexercised from morning till night, inde-fatigable marchers, trained marksmen, clad in a brilliant uniform, and proud enough to believe that one soldier of their stamp is worth several dozen citizens.

She Got a Seat. From the Buffalo Courier.

A young woman who is a pewholder in the cathedral was refused admittance to her seat last Wednesday by another woman order that they might claim t who was occupying a portion of her pew and who said that she was reserving the other part for some friends. The owner stepped into the next seat, and from there

A colored by over the back of the seat into her own pew.

MISS MIGHELL'S SULTAN LOVER.

Left the Lady Behind. Young women who dream rose-colored dreams of ensnaring susceptible masculine royalty, says the New York Sun, ought to

read the sad story of Miss Jenny Mighell

and the Sultan of Johore. Miss Mighell, in spite of her name, is a prepossessing young English person, and is the more to be pitied in the affair because, not knowing the gentleman from Johore to be a sultan, she was not influenced by any ambitious desire to become a sultaness. Not being familiar with the blue book of Johore, she did not even dream that the dark gentleman who was introduced to her as Mr Albert Baker was none other than his Royal Highness Abubakar.

terian Church, New York city, and said It was in 1885, and the susceptible sultan was living in England under this assumed name. In an unhappy moment he fell a victim to the charms of Miss Jenny Mighell, deserting my duty. They pointed to the and under the influence of real oriental West Church and said that there was the passion, such as is common in Johorean sultans, he proposed and was accepted. Ah, happy Miss Mighell! and thrice happy

For several months the two young people billed and cooed and called each other Jenny and Albert once in a while, and a good could do what they liked. No, there has been mix enough. I shall write to Robert Miss Mighell assured Mr. Albert Baker that

Sultan Abubakar!

man. Tell the Sun I am now a private him a sultan than a king. "Or even a maharajah?" the jovial Joho rean would

And so they made love with much jest, but more earnest, for some time; and finally, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came the discovery to Miss Jenny Mighell that she was a prospective sultaness! She v staggered at first. But she had borne

gem as she.

This was probably true. The mistake which the hotheaded sultan made was in giving Miss Jenny to understand that she should ornament the palace as soon as the painters and paperhangers were throughwith it, or something of that sort. He bound her over to silence concerning his identity, and she, being doubtless aware that such a dis-covery, if made public, might get her more rivals than even a Mighell would care to stand up against, yielded. But, of course, that did not prevent her from putting a chair on the center table and practicing the act of sitting on a throne; or from graciously saluting her imaginary subjects as she stood before her mirror.

But in the midst of her roslest dreams of her sultanesque future a cruel awakening came to Miss Jenny Mighell. His Royal Highness Abubakar, whom Jenny had ten-derly christened "Bubby." for short, sailed away to Johore, or some other place, and did not take his bride-to-be with him. Jenny waited in vain. Her absent sultan did not return

hell vs. the Sultan of Johore." It was for breach of promise, but the oriental lover declined to answer the affidavit of the lady The lawyers put their wigs together over it, and finally it was decided that royalty may flirt to its heart's content, even to the ex-tent of inviting a lady to be a sultaness, without being bound to fulfill the promis-

that may be incidentally made.

And so the susceptible sultan is still at large, making coal-black eyes at whomsoever pleases his royal fancy. American girls are hereby warned against a dark gentle man with winning ways, a subtle air of royalty and the name of Mr. Albert Baker.

SAVED BY A SURGEON'S SKILL.

A Girl With Her Vertebrae Fractured Expected to Recover.

Mary Hooker, a pretty little brunette, West 70th street, New York, is lying in the hospital of the New York Polyclinic with a broken back, and will in all probability recover. This astounding result will be due mainly to the skill of a physician who is a professor of surgery in the Polyclinic, and his assistants.

The circumstances which led to the accident are of a by no means unusual character. Mary stood by the dumb waiter shafe in the rear of the kitchen and tried to reach the sliding door, which had slipped from her hand and glided upward. She is short and plump and could not reach it. She mounted a chair, stretched out her hand, and the chair, probably because she stood

on its extreme edge, tipped forward. There was a piercing scream, followed by bers. When we reformed our army, we a resounding thump, which came from the basement of the house. The girl had fallen vanquished by the numerical superiority foremost down the shaft, and struck the ground in a sitting posture. When the ianitor and the tenants reached her side she was as she had fallen, in a sitting posture, with her back against the wall of

She was conscious, moaning piteously, and at the attempt to raise her to her feet shrieked with pain. The doctor had already received a call, and was hurrying to the house. In his hasty examination of the girl he noticed a slight protuberance or curvature in the dorsal vertebrae, just below the fourth cervical bone. The sence of numbness and the appearance of the injury told him that although her back to save her. He determined to take the chance

A Roosevelt Hospital surgeon was now assisting him, and the sufferer was lifted into the ambulance and placed in a position that would not further affect the fracture. Then she was driven down to the Polyclinic. Once there, no time was lost in getting to work. An anaesthetic was administered, and the patient was laid on the operating table. The doctor first made an incision in the back, beginning at the first dorsal bone, and extending about eight inches. The lapels of the flesh thus retractors, and then the doctor made a second incision three inches in length, dividing the tissues. The injury that the girl had sustained was now apparent. The terrific concussion as she struck the ground with legs and spine had made three distinct fractures of the dorsal bone, but, as the dector extended to the spinal cord. This circumand exposing the marrow, was necessary before the three pi could be removed. the three pieces of broken bone be removed. This was the most

missing pieces of bone. Paralysis of the lower limbs may supervene as a result of the operation, but the surgeons are inclined to regard with hope the chances of a complete recovery.

The Camel is a Soldier.

The camel is a good soldier.

nons on the backs of their camels, and called them zambwahs or "little wasps." dian muting the British had a camel corps of 150 beasts, and on the back of each camel sat a Scotch Highlander in his kilt. In 1845 Sir Charles Napier had a camel corps in Sindh, and in one day he marched seventy-five miles, defeated a brigand chief and marched home again. In 1878 the British used camels against the Afghans and the government paid for 50,000 camels that died in those campaigns. Many of these that they might claim the govern-

Snatched a Purse.

A colored boy named Edward Bolden was tried in the Police Court Saturday on a

HANK GOOD'S FORFEIT.

Without Fear.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch. Capt. Frank Williams of the Texas rangers, who passed through the city last Congress of the world's fair bureau of which are visible with astronomical instrunight on his way to New York, gives an awards. The rumors have been secretly ments, the distances from the earth of only excellent acount of the remarkable execu- discussed for some time. They originated a very few have been measured with even tion of Hank Good, a thoroughbred Choc- with a number of dissatisfied exhibitors an approximation to accuracy. Most of the taw Indian, which occurred September 25 who became tired of appealing in vain to stars appear to be so far away that the a big, tawny beast with a cavernous mouth in the Choctaw reservation.

of the bravest acts I ever witnessed in my Congress. The rumors had rather sublife when I went to see Hank Good shot," sided during the busy period of packing up 000,000 miles across—is so slight that it es-Capt. Williams said. "I was in the re- exhibits, but with the announcement that der for which he gave up his life, and I Washington they were revived. The exhad a great curiosity to see how he would hibitors are congratulating themselves that act when the time came for him to pay when a few persistent Congressmen open the penalty.

February 9, 1893. Two whisky peddlers, named Isaac Greenbaum and Solomon Heppenstein, were the victims. They had been the Indians. On this particular night they entered the territory with two small casks of whisky. Hank saw them when they came in, and he then and there determined to get his fill of firewater that night or know the reason why. He watched and followed them to a lonely spot, where they secured their whisky, wrapped their blankets around them and went to sleep. When they were slumbering soundly he stole upon them, and it could not have taken him long to relieve them of their scalps. He found the whisky, drank to his heart's content, and enjoyed the warmth of the fire the peddlers had built. Hank made no attempt to escape or conceal his crime, but remained there and drank until he was stupid. About 10 o'clock the next morning as I was passing along the road with a squad of the white horse we came upon the horrible sight. Hank was lying across the dead bodies of his victims, and one of the whisky casks was clasped in his arms. We tried to arouse him, but could not, and had to carry him to the headquarters of the reservation. They locked Hank up, and it was three days before he was sober enough to be arraigned before the Indian judge and

"On the third day after the murder Hank was brought up for trial. Hank made no defense. He did not seem to feel sorry, either, for having committed the crime. It vas the first time in his life that he had had enough whisky. The jury soon decided that Hank was guilty, and should be shot. It took into consideration the fact that Hank was the most popular and best looking young buck in the nation, and recommended him to the mercy of the judge. The judge finally sentenced him to shot at noon, September 25. Hank took an oath to appear at that hour under a big oak tree and pay the penalty. They then allowed him to depart."

vestigation of the bureau for quite another purpose. They say it is only proper that any doubts existing with regard to the bureau for quite another purpose. big oak tree and pay the penalty. They then allowed him to depart." "Were they afraid he would never re-

"Not in the least. A full blooded Choc taw was never known to break his oath."
"Well," Capt. Williams continued, "Hank did not leave the nation, but three days afterward he got married and commenced to work as hard to get land and horses as a man who expects to live fifty years. In a few months he was one of the most prosperous young men in the tribe and lived apparently happy.
"The months slowly passed, and as the

The months slowly passed, and as the time drew near for Hank to be shot the Indians commenced to get excited. They were all anxious to see how he would act. Hank never referred to the matter, and kept on working up to the day before the one which was to be his last on earth.

"The fatal morning at last arrived. It

"The fatal morning at last arrived. It was a holiday on the reservation, and long before noon all the members of the nation were in the vicinity of the big oak tree, dressed in all the finery they could com-mand. Hank was on the scene early, ar-rayed in his best, and an hour before his

lid. The sheriff had not yet arrived, but Hank was there and waiting. The sheriff and kicking their beels into some and back finally came, and, walking over to Hank, a parcel of drunkards, all the while utter-the started to bind a white cloth around ing the most comical squeaks. They did

drew his revolver, and took deliberate aim. Hank smiled and glanced down the glis-tening barrel without moving a muscle. In another second the sheriff fired, and a ball crashed into Hank's brain, directly be-tween the eyes. He quivered a second and fell over into the coffin."

'What became of Hank's wife?" she married a good looking young buck the next day.'

FIRM BELIEVERS IN WITCHCRAFT.

Fanatics Cause Much Excitement in Methodist Church in Ohio.

A Columbus, Ohio, dispatch to the New York Times says: The good Methodist brethren in eastern Stark county and the western part of Columbiana county are greatly excited over the recent witchcraft outbreak in their church at Hart's Corners, about ten miles east of Alliance. The sec tion is a good farming district, and the church in question is a large country congregation, but for some time the prevalence of a belief in witchcraft has been a disturbing element, and it now threatens the dis-

ruption of the church. Last spring the matter first came to the attention of the authorities when Miss Sadie Loop was tried by them for asserting that Jacob Culp, a wealthy farmer, who has always been a zealous member of the church was a wizard and in league with the devil to work evil. Her strange statements wer the outcome of a series of peculiar events, which might easily have been explained on rational grounds, but through the agency of an octogenarian witch doctor who lives in Alliance, and is ignorantly believed to be a master in all dark arts and is consulted by the superstitious for a score of miles around, had been made the excuse for pronouncing Culp possessed of evil spirits. At that time Hoff, after a great pow-wow and many painful silences, had declared the gods had decreed Culp's destruction, and Miss Loop, among the rest, looked for his

speedy death.

Culp was not pleased by these developments, and had Miss Loop brought before the church. She refused to disavow the superstition, and was expelled from the congregation. Her friends continued to look upon Culp with great fear, and waited for him to be called to his last account. he was thrown from a hayrack, in September, and his arm broken, they shook their heads and said, "I told you so," to all who would listen. The arm knit again, however judgment Hoff had predicted

strangely hung fire. A week ago the excitement was again young farmer, had dug a well on the side of a little hill. He falled to get water at the depth he expected and at once concluded something was wrong. He believed so witch had cast a spell upon his well and ruined his undertaking. The strange old herb dealer and quack, Dr. Hoff, was at once consulted with fear and trembling, and persuaded to go down to Hughes' farm. He burned herbs beside the well and went through an incantation, ending with the declaration that Culp was the man responsible, and that there would never be any water in the well as long as Culp was al-

Thereupon Hughes and a dozen other families refused to have anything to do den, Dutton, Perrey. Von Geldern—names with Culp. They were not yet wrought up to a point where they were ready to dispose of him, but they boycotted him withut mercy. A special meeting of the churc was convened, and the pastor, the Rev. J. E. Hollister, called upon the witch believers to recant their nonsense, but was met by the prompt declaration that they would leave the church first. Hughes said he would never speak to Culp again as long as he lived, and the Loops and the Breens, two other families, were vehement in asserting the evil presence of Culp. The whole community is aroused over the case, which is one of the most remark-

lowed to live.

able in the history of Ohio, and the maligners of Brother Culp are to be tried by possible. The disturbance promises to break up the congregation at Hart's Corners, and yet leave the superstition as far from be ing stamped out as before.

Easy Stairs to Climb. From Exchange. There is a great deal of stair climbing to

be done here before we shall "climb dem golden stairs," and those who are about to build would do well to see to it that all the stairs be made as "easy" as possible. The very acme of ease is reached in stairs that have "treads" twelve to fifteen inches and "risers" five to seven inches The "run" or distance in most houses is too short to allow of this, but they should

TO LIFT THE LID OFF.

Awards Bureau's Work.

From the Chicago Herald. There are rumors of an investigation by the awards committee and now intend to "I never dreamed I was going to see one lay their grievances before members of fire on the awards committee at short range "The murder Hank committed occurred they will be able to get what they are en-rebruary 9, 1893. Two whisky peddlers, titled to from Acting Chairman Thacher

The proposed investigation of the bureau of awards has been frequently mentioned of in the habit of stealing into the reservation late by national commissioners in confidenabout once a month and selling whisky to the Indians. On this particular night they tee, with practically no restrictions, to ex-pend such a large appropriation as was at the disposal of the awards bureau. Congress appropriated \$570,880 to pay the expenses of the awards, and the money has been checked out on orders of John Boyd Thacher, who has been very busy this summer. Mr. Thacher had so many other things to look after that he could not sign the big pile of vouchers that went out of his office every day. One of his clerks attached his signature with a rubber stamp. It is be-lieved that this is the only instance on record of government funds being paid on Motives of the Investigation.

While the investigation of the awards ureau is regarded in every direction as a foregone conclusion, those responsible for it are actuated by entirely different motives. The exhibitors want to lift the lid off of things and find out how and why certain judges were appointed and what in-fluences, if any, operated to get certain awards. This class of objectors is not par-ticularly numerous, but, if it is sufficiently active, it may cause a good deal of annoy-ance. The idea of the exhibitors seems to be that with the awards bureau in Washington, the proper avenue of approach to that high tribunal will be through members of Congress, and that while they are getting rehearings on contested cases they night as well dig up some of the secrets of the bureau. There is no doubt that a few exhibitors can make the life of all those identified with the bureau a burden. A single appeal to a Congressman might do the business.

The national commissioners want an in-

reau should be inquired into and believing that the awards committee would come out of the investigation with nothing more serious than a mild censure for spending too much money, they want the inquiry to go on. They think it will clear the atmos

ALCOHOL AND SPARROWS. How the Cotton-Stealing Birds Were

Made Drunk and Captured.

lost, as they claim, hundreds of pounds in this way. There is one man, however, in rayed in his best, and an hour before his execution he danced with all the squaws. He never glanced at the pine coffin on which he was to kneel and be killed.

"Exactly at noon he left his family, and, with head erect and a smile on his face, he walked to the coffin and knelt upon the lid. The sheriff had not yet arrived, but Hank was the found the sparrows were committing depredations he procured a quantity of wheat, soaked it in sweetened whisky, and strewed it along the rows. The sparrows found it, and thought they had a picnic. So they had, but in fifteen or twenty minutes there was the tipsiest lot of English sparrows ever seen on the face of the earth. They rolled about the and kicking their heels into the air like Hank's eyes. Hank tore it off and mo-tioned the sheriff back. You should have seen the Indians look at him. Everyone admired his nerve. or four days later the experiment was repeated with almost equal success, and from time to time since. They made excellent pot-pie, but the survivors have come to regard the plantation as hoodooed, for very few come about it.

WHEN THE EARTH IS DEAD.

The Ultimate Extinction of All Life and How It Will Come About. From the Chicago Times.

The probability that life will become extinct on earth in the remote future appears to be a fascinating theme of study with many speculative scientists. Recently a remarkable little volume was published in fall him. His pig will be seized with sud-Ellis, drew a forcible picture of the condition of the earth when its atmosphere and life shall pass away and the bare ruin of this world shall go circling through the heavens as barren, as lifeless and as air-

less as the moon is today.

More recently a writer has been endeav-More recently a writer has been endeavoring to estimate the time when life shall cease on earth. Solar physicists and astronomers are in tolerable agreement in fixing the period when the sun will begin to finally set at from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 years hence. But earthly vitality is likely to have a still more limited existence, and science, we are told by the writer in question, can even prognosticate the causes of to have a still more limited existence, and science, we are told by the writer in question, can even prognosticate the causes of its decay. When the spots that now fleck faith in the power of a seventh son or seventh actual zone of the sun have become enth daughter to cure disease. It is in vain the clergyman preaches, that the ence of light and heat higher life will be

come impossible.

There is also a cause within the earth ually, but surely, the erosion of coast line by the sea and the flattening of mountains by torrents and glaciers are reduc-ing dry land to the level of the ocean When the leveling is complete the earth will become one vast swamp, unsuitable for human life. Four or five million years is the period given to the earth by geologists wherein to reach this stage. But these speculative theorists do not seem to take into consideration the important physical fact that nothing is wasted on earth. If rocks and mountains are

eroded or depressed in one part the detritis takes part in the work of construction at another, for the destructive and constructive elements of nature are always uniformly potent. Matter destroyed merely undergoes con-

matter destroyed merely undergoes conversion, and whatever force there may be in the supposition that the sun will part with its heat in the course of time there seems no good ground for the theory that the extinction of life may be anticipated by the conversion of dry land into a desolate swamp through any natural. late swamp through any natural process of geologic evolution

High Tides and Earthquakes. From the Tacoma Ledger.

"During the nineteenth century the ques tion of earthquakes has been the subject of much earnest investigation by scientific men, and much hard study and research have been given toward the solution of this phenomenon," remarked Prof. Fred G. "Prominent among these stu-Plummer. of the thoroughness of the investigations.

"As the result of much of this research, it appears to be demonstrated that the nearness and positions of the sun and moon have effects favorable to earthquakes-much the same influence as these bodies have upon terrestrial surface tides. The conditions which are favorable to an extremely high tide at Puget Sound are five in number, viz: First, perihelion of the earth: second, perigee of the moon; third, opposition (full) of the moon; fourth, the moon running high; fifth, the ocean winds. For the purpose of a calculation aiming at prediction, this last element is to be omitted. Condition No. 1 occurs once a year, and conditions Nos. 2, 3 and 4 occur about monthly.

"Now, by reference to an almanac, it may

be seen that on the 22d of next December all the conditions will occur together, ex-cepting No. 1, which will be eight days late, but as this would hardly be appreciable, they may be considered as occurring alto-gether. It may be predicted accurately that on or shortly after the 22d of next D on or shortly after the 22d of next December we shall have an unusually high tide, and for the same reasons (if the earthquake theory is correct) the conditions will be ripe for earthquakes. While it would not be advisable for a scientist of reputation to predict such an event, it may be said that the theory will be put to a very severe test next December, and its advocates will have

HOW FAR ARE THE STARS! He Sailed Away on a Gallant Bark and A Choctaw Indian Who Gave His Life Congress to Go Over the World's Fair And What is Beyond the Canopy?-Wonders of Creation.

Of the hundred million or more stars viewing them from opposite sides of the earth's orbit-and that orbit is about 186,servation when Hank committed the murthe awards bureau was to be moved to stars have thus far yielded definite results capes certain detection. Only about fifty in the attempt to measure their distances. and even those results are too often exceedingly conflicting and uncertain. The nearest star thus far discovered is one of the first magnitude, not visible from the United States or Europe. It is the star called Alpha in the constellation of the

heavens.

The distance of this star appears to be something like twenty trillions of miles, or about two hundred and fifteen thousand times as great as the distance of the sun from the earth. The next nearest star, as far as known, is a little sixth magnitude twinkler, barely visible to the naked eye, in the constellation of Cygnus, popularly called the northern cross. The distance of this star, which is known to astronomers as 61 Cygni, is variously estimated at from forty to sixty trillion miles, or two or three times that of the bright star in the Centaur. The brightness of the stars as we see them

is, then, no measure of their comparative distance. A very bright star may be much more distant than a very faint one, the difference being due to the greater magnitude of the more distant star. Sirius, or the dog star, for instance, which scintiliates so splendidly in the winter sky, is more distant than the little star 61 Cygni, the latter being, in fact, a very much smaller sun than ours, while Sirius is a far larger one. It thus appears that while the efforts to than ours, while Sirius is a far larger one. It thus appears that while the efforts to measure the distances of the stars have not been very successful, yet they have resulted in giving us a wonderful insight into the arrangement of the universe of suns in the midst of which we'dwell. They have proved that large stars and small stars have proved the targe stars and small stars are proved that large stars and small stars and small stars are represented through space at various disare scattered through space at various dis-tances from one another and from us that the dimensions of the blazing bodies which we call stars or suns vary to an enormous extent; and that our own sun, great, glorious and overpowering as it seems to us, really belongs to a quite inferior rank.

But it is possible that before many years

our knowledge of the distances of the may be greatly extended. Spectroscopic investigation in the case of binary stars, as those called which circle in pairs around their common center of gravity, is beginning to help us a little in this direction. Recently, for instance, Mr. G. W. Colles, jr., has calculated, from the results of such investigation, the mean distance of ninety-five stars situated in the northern hemisphere of the heavens, and he finds it equal to the distance which light would travel in about 150 years. That distance is not less than eight hundred and seventy trillion miles, or more than forty-three times as great as the distance of the nearest known star, Alpha Centauri. Yet enormous as such distance is, it is nearly certain that the eventance is. tance is, it is nearly certain that the average distance of all the stars composing the visible universe is still greater. And here and there the starry heavens, even in their richest regions, present black and apparently empty spaces, through which we ok out from the bounds of the visible universe into fathomless depths beyond But is there any thoughtful mind which can avoid asking itself the question, "What lies beyond?" When we come to the outermost star of the universe, what then?" That is a question which even astronomy, with all its marvelous wealth of discovery and achieve-ments cannot answer—at least not yet.

ENGLISH WITCHES.

They Are Still Regarded With Respec in Some Districts. From the Manchester Mercury.

Superstition is by no means a defur anomaly in the customs and characteristics of some of our smaller towns and villages. First and foremost of West Country superstition comes an entire and thorough belief in witchcraft. Every West Country village has an old woman who is a good deal more feared than the village

No one dares to contradict her will in anything. If she takes a fancy to the finest head of cabbage in a man's garden she may cut it as if it grew in her own. Though it should be the very pride of his heart he must not try to stop her proceedings; if he does a far worse thing is bound to be-London. In that book its writer, T. Mullet den and deadly wickedness, or his daughter's hair will fall off, or a shower of rain will spoil his hay just when it is about to be carried. The West Country's term for a witch's power is "overlocking."

If a witch has evil feeling toward you she is said "to overlook you." One indubi-

schoolmaster teaches, that the parish doctor remonstrates, the West Country matron bears off her sickly baby in triumph to the which might anticipate this crisis. Grad-ually, but surely, the erosion of coast line who happens to have been born the seventh

son or seventh daughter.

These privileged persons have but to touch the diseased part and the cure is certain and immediate. There are also some wise women who can cure various complaints with a charm, which they speak over the patient. In the neighborhood of Exmoor these things are far more trusted in than all the medical faculty put together.

Where Columbian Stamps Are in Demand.

From the Detroit Free Press. A gentleman asked for some postage

yesterday, and when the proprietor handed of me?" out a bunch of the oblong Columbians the customer said he could not use them-he wanted some of the old-style letter carriers. \$507" The druggist asked why the great Christopher Columbus would not do-they would "in haste" all right as far as he knew. The gentleman said he wished to send a letter to France, and he had been advised by his correspondent to use the old-style stamps, as every one had gone philately mad over there, and the Columbian stamps mad over there, and the Columbian stamps were such a temptation that the chances were the letter would never be delivered. were the letter would never be delivered. If the missive were intact when it left the general post office it was louis d'ors to sous it would disappear before it reached the dents are the names of Falb. Fuchs, Hol. addressee, as to secure the stamp the collection fan., be he letter carrier, concierge or servant, would not hesitate to destroy the letter. Every effort was being made the authorities to protect the mails, but the amateur philatelists needed the pictures in their collections, and madame, mademoior monsieur could go epistle hungry for all they cared.

Where There is No Afternoon. From the Indianapolis Journal.

Strangers to Washington often remark upon the custom of addressing one at all times of the day by the uniform salutation. "Good morning." It sounds odd to a westerner to hear one address him with "Good morning" at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. This custom is as old as the Congress of

the United States and the hours of execu- and with short sleeves low down. tive business in the various departments. It is said to be directly due to the morning hour in Congress. The standing rules of the two houses of Congress provide for a "morning hour," which extends from 12 to 2 o'clock, and that provision has made it common to refer to "morning business" in Congress, which occurs before the "regular order." Frequently the regular order is not resumed, and the morning hour is extended until 4 or 5 o'clock, especially in the latter days of Congress and when there is a great jam of business. In the executive departments reference is made to the "morning's work" during the entire day. This is all, A special dispatch to the London Standard from Paris says it is believed that an Application embodying the reform must inevitably fall.

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WOULDN'T LOOK HAPPY.

A Lion That Objected to Having His Photograph Taken by Flashlight. From the San Francisco Chronicle.

There was a sensation in a Market street photograph gallery yesterday afternoon, a sensation and a lion. There had been many lions there before, but they were ordinary social lions. This was a four-legged fellow, change in their apparent place caused by and a voice like a fog horn. It was Commodore, an eight-year-old lion from the west coast of Africa. Though he is a member of a theatrical troupe, yet, wonderful to relate, he does not like to have his picture taken.

The big brute was carried up into the gallery in a box closed in on all sides. A ring had been screwed into the floor to which he could be tied. A group of half a dozen curious people crowded into the gallery to see the fun. Then they all tried to get out at once. His majesty didn't like the way he had been jostled in going Centaur in the southern hemisphere of the up a flight of stairs, and when his box was open he came out with a jump. His voice expressed savage dissatisfaction as well as his manner.

He was soon quieted. His master stood by and, coolly pointing at him, ordered him to be stime The lion tamer had nothing in his hand, yet the animal crouched, and, though its great face was wrinkled into a nasty snarl, allowed itself to be fastened to the ring.

Just then a Chinese entered the gallery. He came to see the lion. He only wanted one glance. The lion leaped toward him with open mouth and the Chinese fied. He was afterward found concealed in another apartment, but could not be induced to again approach the operating room.

squeak that brought him to his feet. The first camera was forgotten in this more aggressive one It was unfortunate that the cameras were not focused in order to catch his defiant attitude. The grand head in its frame of bristling mane, the lithe body so suggestive of latent power, made a noble picture, in spite of the chain with which he was incumbered.

A few words from the trainer put him again in a crouching posture. He lay quietly enough while the plates were being changed and a half dozen pictures were taken. A big flash-light photograph was then suggested. The powder was put in the little pans of the frame work. Behind each pan was a flame of sas It was each pan was a flame of gas. It was thought best to move this frame of lights to the other side of the camera.

An attendant picked it up. The lion had become so quiet that the man disregarded him. He started with his frame of lights between the lion and the camera. His between the lion and the camera. His back was toward the glowering beast. He did not see the lion gather himself slowly together. If he had he would not have gone on with his work so quietly. The animal's lower taw dropped, his nose curied mal's lower jaw dropped, his nose curied back, exposing his curving teeth, his whole appearance was one of anger. Then:

chain with a mighty roar. It was short and quick, but deep; so deep that even those who were anticipating it were starthose who were anticipating it were startled. The man with the flash light frame was not startled, though. That expression fails to indicate his sensation. He was scared. Scared badly, too. The jump he made put out all the lights on the frame, and would have insured him a place as an acrobat with any circus in the land.

After the flash light picture had been taken the lion was loosed. He did not want to a bit, but he went back into the cage just the same. Then six men carried it to the top of the stairs and it was slowly lowered. This is thought to have been the first time a full-grown lion was ever taken

The Hon leaped to the end of his short

STRUCK THE WRONG MAN.

first time a full-grown lion was ever

He Was Not on Average Farmer, or the Other Fellow Was Mistaken.

From the Detroit Free Press. We were talking about human nature in general, and the human nature of farmers in particular, when the man who was traveling for a button factory sagely observed: "Yes, the average farmer is a queer man They talk about his confiding disposition, but he hasn't got it. On the contrary, he suspects everybody of intent to defraud him

in some way." "Well, I dunno about that," said the crowd. "I think I can prove it to you in ten m

utes," replied the button man. "Now, then, look at this watch and estimate its value." He handed out watch and chain and they were passed from hand to hand. The watch

somebody pays for mine." He started out in company with the man

who had expressed his doubts, and about the first man they came to in the smoking car was a middle-aged farmer who had been to Cieveland and had two new at helves in the seat beside him. The button man held out the watch and said: "My friend, I am hard up and want to sell this stuff. Look at it." "Don't want it," replied the farmer.

"But I must have money. Watch and chain cost me \$400. How much will you give me?" "Don't want to buy."
"But take them in your hand and ex-

amine them. Even a child could estimate their value. I ought to get at least half cost, but as I want \$50 awfully bad right away this minute I'll make that the price. You may take me for a traveling sharper, but I assure you that-"You needn't assure me 'tall." interrupted the farmer. "I think I know an honest

stamps in a Woodward avenue drug store man when I see one."

vesterday, and when the proprietor handed "Thanks. Then you are not suspicious

"Not a mite."
"And you'll take the watch and chain at "I will," replied the farmer, as he slipped

them into his pocket and felt for his caif-skin. "Just got paid fur my wool today, and here's your cash. I see you've got a diamond pin on your tie. I can't tell diamond from a rhinestone, but I'm willing to chance \$25 on it. Has the other feller got anything for sale cheap?"

It had to be explained to the farmer that

call the bargain off. call the bargain on.
"You contended that the farmer hadn't a
confidin' disposition, did you?" queried the
toller as he pocketed the greenbacks. "Wall, I guess you know more about buttons than you do about farmers. You jest come down my way and offer me a windmill fur \$25, a planer fur \$50 or a mower and reaper fur \$75, and I'll confide in you so durned quick

that you can't keep your heels on airth!" A Rich Arab's Attire.

From Harper's Magazine. A rich man among the Arabs draws richly. His shirt is fine linen. His insidvest is buttoned, the outside one word loose. A long paletot often takes the place of the latter. It is cut part way down from the neck and the loose armholes allow the arms to be held in or outside. The wide trousers are bound about the waist by a rich scarf. Over all is frequently worn the long loose tunic, cut V shape at the neck

The hands are frequently kept inside-in winter for warmth-and an Arab reache winter for warmth—and an Arab reaches out from the V at the neck for anything he wants handed to him with a peculiarly limited motion which at first you fail to comprehend. The burnoose is an out-of-doors garment, and the fez may or may not have the turban cloth. The swell wears European socks, and his silppers, usually trodden down at the heel by the common or careless, are handsomely embroidered or of fine morocco, red or yellow. The calf is naked. Parts of his dress

are dropped at intervals, according to the weather or habit. There are few person more really magnificent than a well dressed